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VOYAGE TO LIBERIA—CONTINUED.

THE TROPICS.

IN our last we gave a brief sketch of our boisterous run through the trades. From the thirtieth degree of latitude down to the eighth, we were constantly close hauled on a stiff, but flawey wind. for over twenty days; consequently, we had, what might be called, an ugly, tedious time of it. Every body, fore and aft, above and below, became weary and tired. Even the good ship herself, although she complained not, but held her steady course, eating with the wind, unflinching, seemed to long for a change. For days and even weeks we were on one tack, and lying well over at that, steadily pitching and plunging through the rough sea—windward and leeward became fixed facts. Even the dull emigrants no longer threw hot water and ashes to the windward. Every body knew which was leeward. Every body knew down-hill and up-hill. One half lay at night bolstered up with pillows and bundles, to keep them from the skin of the ship; the other half were devising ways and means to resist being pitched out of their berths on deck. The passengers on one side of the cabin table got at least a double allowance of soup, scouse and vegetables, to the loss and frequent amusement of those on the others. One side of the deck offered a good promenade, the other entirely deserted. So we labored and tugged through it, until at last relief came. At last the wind hauled so far to the northward that we were not obliged to hug it close, to lie our course. At last the good ship righted, and fairly rested on her bottom. She seemed to nestle herself into her bed with real satisfaction, and glided through the water as gentle as a swan. All on board felt relief, and joyfully welcomed the change. It seemed as if we had escaped from a vile region of enchantment, where the wind ruled supreme, as if we were once more restored to the world and to Providence. No one can describe the delightful sensation experienced on first entering the tropics, in sailing on a tropical sea. Although we had been for days within the geographical tropical lines, yet we had been subject to the constant action of a strong breeze, made stronger by passing into it, and to the necessary disagreeable motion of the vessel; but we now for the first time, could be said to be fairly in the tropical world. We say the sensation experienced, is indescribable, so is the scene. The fact is

there is little to describe. No object, no action, all is calm and tranquil, and internal calmness and tranquility is the result. There is a softness—a blandness of feeling in the atmosphere, productive of the most delightful, but indescribable sensations, as Moore's fancy expresses it,

"Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give."

The quiet of the African sea is only disturbed by immense shoals of fish and flocks of sea-birds. Sometimes many square rods, and even acres of the surface of the water seemed alive with fish, not jumping clear out of the water, but just enough to keep it in a violent state of commotion or apparent ebullition. At the same time flocks of birds of the size of pigeons gather around, covering nearly as much surface as the fish. Whether they are both attracted by insects or shoals of small fishes, we are unable to say, but doubtless one or the other, as the fish causing the ebullition are entirely too large for prey to the birds. A great variety of fish are always to be seen on the African seas, as the bonitas, barracontas, dolphins, and the long greedy shark, with his dull, up-staring eyes, watching for whatever may fall overboard, man or offal, is ever to be found on some quarter.

On the evening of the 19th of January, the lead told us bottom at 120 fathoms, so the emigrants took hope, and waited anxiously for the morning. All the latter part of the night they were more or less alarmed by the heavy roaring of the surf on the beach, and of course, were not surprised at day-break, at the sight of the lowlands of Sherbro Island, the location of the first ill-fated settlement by Mr. Bacon and the emigrants of the old Ship Elizabeth. Although the first indication of land was merely a shimmering view of trees, as if elevated above the water, caused by refraction, yet it was most delightful to the emigrants, who, from the tedium of a protracted voyage, began to fear that Liberia was likely to remain the "promised land," and that Jordan would still prove a mighty long road to travel.—Not an inch of the extended line of green was lost to one of them, even the old grey-bearded great granddaddas, of which there were several on board, rubbed their bleared eyes and laughed and cried for joy with their children and their children's children. The land side of the vessel was gemmed with bright staring eyes, every moment, from early dawn, until forced to breakfast, almost against their will. It was difficult for them to realize that this was Africa—Guinea—the very land from which their forefathers were torn by violence so long ago. As we hauled in shore, and the dim outline of the higher land began to loom up through the haze, and the big dome-shaped cotton trees, rising above the level outline of the dense forest, became more and more distinct, they almost feared that this could not be *their* promised home—it was too beautiful, it must belong to the white man.

To us, the sight was not less charming and interesting, however different our sensations. After a lapse of fifteen years we were once more in the tropics, on the border of our old tropical home, Liberia;—a home in which we had enjoyed so much, and suffered so much—endeared to us by unnumbered associations and reminiscences, never to be obliterated.

We made the land, just above the sea bar, or she-bar, the little frith or river that separates Sherbro Island from the main-land, and by twelve o'clock we were just able to make out that notorious old slave mart

GALLINAS.

We could not be content with a mere deck view of this remarkable spot, this modern Tyre, this den of iniquity, but took our glass, ascended to the mast-head, and made a comfortable seat for an hour's observation and reflection. Our observation resulted in nothing, literally nothing; it was even difficult to make out the old land-marks of the place. We could barely designate the northern bank of the river, within the bar-mouth, broken and abrupt, and opposite, a low sand spit, being a continuation of the southern sea-beach. A small dirty colonial craft of some 20 tons was lying in the offing, and one little black canoe was paddling from it, through the bar. Not even the old look-out station, in the tree top, or any other land-mark was visible, to indicate the *fuit* of Gallinas. Of the history of this place prior to our first visit to Liberia in 1831, we know but little, probably like Cape Mesurado, the Bassas, Trade Town and other points on the Liberia coast, it had been a place for shipping slaves for many years. There was nothing, however, to render it remarkable, or give it the prominence it obtained, until the advent and settlement of a Spaniard, named PEDRO BLANCO, about the year 1825 or 1826. This man, we understand, had been engaged in one or two ventures for slaves as a partner with others, which proving unfortunate, rendered him nearly or quite bankrupt. He considering himself an *injured*, as well as a ruined man, cursed the English for their interference with his *lawful* traffic, and determined to have satisfaction, if not of them, of those whom they had endeavored to screen from his rapacity. Being a man of strong will, and great energy, he fitted out a vessel and embarked in her himself, determined upon retrieving his shattered fortunes. He was successful in his first voyage, and made sufficient to enable him to go to work on a more extended scale. He established himself at Gallinas, opened an extensive correspondence, received consignments of vessels and cargoes, and loaded and despatched cargoes of Humanity, in return. A few successful voyages made him a man of wealth and placed him at the "head of his profession." There soon gathered around him other adventurers of a like character, and Gallinas soon became, not only the centre of an extensive and lucrative traffic, but the theatre of a new order of society and a novel form of government, of all of which, his excellency, Don Pedro Blanco, was the head, the autocrat. Over all his authority was absolute, acquired and maintained, not by his wealth alone, but by his will, energy, ability and address; for Pedro Blanco was no common man. He was a well-born, high-bred, Spanish gentleman, and in all save his profession, a man of honor—yea of strict integrity, whose word was his bond.

In the palmy day of Gallinas at all seasons of the year, vessels might always be seen in the offing, not unfrequently many at a time, and of different classes. First those chartered by Blanco and others to land staple arti-

cles of slave goods; next transient trading vessels, American, English, French and Dutch, calling in to supply those in want of stores or trade goods for the factories. Then the English men-of war, generally under way, cruising for the slave vessels, which seldom appeared, except in the distance, then quickly disappearing on signals from the shore. In the river, too, the indications were not less evident of active commercial operations. Long stockade warehouses were filled with merchandize; the Baracoons were swarming with slaves of all ages and characters, from the sullen stalwart warrior chained by the leg, who may have defended his town to the last, down to the infant at the mother's breast; the aged and decrepid grandfather and toddling youngster, some coupled together, others strung on poles, or if helpless, at loose in the wattled yards. The river too, was filled with canoes shooting from point to point, and hosts of straggling armed natives were lounging and prowling about the factories, either engaged in selling slaves, or receiving their outfit for another foray.

The manner of obtaining and shipping slaves at Gallinas may be described in a few words. Intelligence is sent abroad, through the country, that "slave money lives on the beach;" that is, that merchandise is offered for slaves. The "mercenary" chiefs and the head men of all the tribes are made such by the fact that money awaits the production of slaves, at once fit out expeditions to the nearest defenceless towns; which they surround and fire in the night time, making prisoners of all fugitives. These, without exception, are now slaves, and are brought down to Gallinas and sold. Nine tenths of all slaves are thus obtained. They are put into barracoons and await the arrival of a vessel. When one appears in the offing, she is signalized either to come in, or clear out to sea; or go to windward, or leeward, and near the shore according to the danger from the cruisers. If none of the latter are visible from the lookout, a kind of rookery box in a high tree where a man is always stationed with a good telescope, the slaver runs in and prepares to receive her cargo immediately. All the canoes and boats, of which there are always enough in the river to carry at least five hundred slaves at once, are placed in requisition, and the vessel is not unfrequently ready for sea again in twelve hours, with her cargo of human beings under circumstances too shocking to detail.

In case the port is well guarded the clipper stands off and on or up and down the coast, not unfrequently provoking a chase by which she too often leads the cruiser to a good distance from port, then, tacking in the night, runs in, receives her freight and is off, while the man of war is wondering where his prize may be. When two cruisers are watching, one only goes on the chase, and the slaver is often nabbed on his return. Perhaps he may be telegraphed to go up to She Bar, or down to Cape Mount and lie close till night, when the slaves are marched along the beach or run through the bar and put on board, outside. Thus they played at fast and loose, for years, the slavers always the gainers, even at the loss of three vessels out of four, the only *real sufferers*, the *slaves*.

Such was Gallinas and such was the slave trade when Liberia was our home. But her days were numbered, the *fiat* had gone forth; **DELEND EST GALLINAS,** was proclaimed in Downing street. The British Gov-

ernment, at last, saw the utter folly of this game of *tag*, this attempt to catch them on the run, and wisely and humanely directed that this nest of Pirates should be broken up. Accordingly, in 1849, Admiral Hotham landed, with some two or three hundred sailors, seized a vast quantity of merchandise, set at liberty what slaves were to be got hold of, and burned down all the stockades and barracoons, not leaving a vestige, a slime-trail of the reptiles, who had polluted even the mangrove marshes of Gallinas.

One hour's scanning the now desolate coast from She-bar to Solyma Point, and one hour's, sickening, sad recollections of the scenes of agony and horror which have transpired within their limit, was quite sufficient, and with no little pleasure we hailed that most beautiful of all head lands,

GRAND CAPE MOUNT.

This Mountain generally estimated as 1,000 or 1,500 feet high rises abruptly, although not precipitously from the sea beach. It is the highest land on the North-West Coast, south of Sierra Leone, and is uniformly *made*, in seaman's phrase, by all African Coasters. From sea, it appears a broad based, perfectly pyramidal hill, covered with the richest verdure to the very top, not a rock, slide or break in its outline to mar the symmetry. Probably few emigrants ever yet landed in Liberia, without having first greeted this beautiful mountain. It always seems a harbinger or pledge of a charming home. But heretofore, it was seen, only to be passed by, for it was long under the influence of the Slavers and Gallinas Chiefs, now and hereafter, it is to be greeted as a part and parcel of the free Republic of Liberia; and many of our emigrants were to find on it their future home.

As we neared it, we could distinctly see that the axe-men had been at work, the carpenter too had not been idle; the rich dense forest on the north-west had given place to the hamlets and gardens of the settlers; and we were soon able to discern near the beach a long dark building, the grand receptacle of the new comers, directly in front of which, less than a mile distant, we came to anchor at sundown on the 20th of January, forty-three days from Cape Henry; and a more thankful ship's company, we venture to say, never arrived in port. All our cares and troubles, our long passage, our head winds, our anxiety on account of water, all were forgotten and swallowed up in joy, at lying so quietly and securely in front of this beautiful mountain, and this infant town of Robertsport. A boat soon came off to welcome the new ship and the new people, and the last shadow of apprehension, which emigrants always entertain, that all is not *exactly right*, was dissipated by sight of a people like themselves speaking their own tongue, enquiring of their old American home, and welcoming them to this new world. The night closed in, and for the last time our two hundred emigrants raised the hymn and the prayer from the steerage of our good Ship; and many a one, doubtless, experienced a new sensation of thankfulness and a hope for the morrow never before kindled.

From the New York Colonization Journal.

SCHEMES OF AFRICAN EMIGRATION TO EUROPEAN COLONIES.

The real or fancied demands of commerce and civilization are leading to a crisis in respect to the people of Africa, and to the stability or progress of our colonies there. The facts of the case are: 1st. That the African people are in demand, both on the east and west of this continent, as instrumental means of productive labor in European colonies. 2d. That two at least of the European powers are virtually carrying on or are originating schemes for procuring a supply from the regions possessed by the African races. Spain clings to the old trade pertinaciously. Her object is to extend and consolidate directly the slave system of Cuba. France desires to augment the productive power of her colonies, by introducing Africans, to hold that modified condition of slavery incident to a race forced to labor under the superintendence of a white community, who are not themselves free. It has become a matter of debate in England whether the same source for the supply of labor may not be opened to their West Indian possessions; where as they conceive measures may be taken to prevent injury to the interests of the emigrants induced to resort thither.

These proposals present to the African three conditions of life beyond the oceans bounding his country, and these vary from that of Cuban slavery, absolute, unmitigated, and endless, to something else—in Trinidad, for instance, under English employers—the real nature of which is to us by no means apparent.

Let us conceive these three operations to be on foot on the African shores at the same time; the French and English, in Senegambia, or at the mouths of the Niger and the Gaboon, and the Spanish, wherever mercenary chiefs can be found having power to rob and willingness to sell; and let us conceive the effect and influence on the vast interior. Then it is evident that the whole lately checked proceedings of war, rapine, and desolation, will at once revive in their unbounded extent. The streams of captives to the coast will recommence. The interior plunderers and traders will never inquire how their victims are to be disposed of when they reach the sea.

We do not anticipate that the British people, interested, as they now are, in the interior and in its progress, will countenance their Government, if it were willing, in entering on any such measures. The travels of Barth and Livingston have come Providentially to keep that people awake to their duty and their interest. We know now from them, and from the narratives of missionaries and voyagers along the shore, that Africa is a land deficient in people. Everywhere the territories suitable for human habitation constitute regions of wilderness and forest, possessing in the majority of districts too few people to contend successfully with the exuberance of nature, and in none possessing population enough to occupy the cultivable land; while generally in the interior kingdoms cultivation and the power of men have been dwindling away to desolation and ruin, by the forced uprooting of their inhabitants for warlike spoil or merchandise. Africa has no men to spare. Considered simply in an economic point of view, to carry off men is devitalizing Africa and injuring the world. We need say nothing as to the moral effects of reawakening the wild ruffian spirit which has reduced the towns of Bornoo and Adamawa to fragments of streets amid wildernesses of ruins.

In the light of these events we see the pre-eminent value of our colonies along the shore. They form a line of defence to a great interior beyond

them. No strings of "emigrants," with their necks and elbows tied to long poles, can cross their territory to the French or Spanish ship. Peaceful culture, and the expansion of the native population in number and wealth, may go on unchecked under their influence, until the jungle of the plains and mountain slopes be replaced by villages, gardens and plowed fields. Let our free colored men reflect what a different aspect all these measures would have assumed, if such could then have been proposed, had they been forward to do their duty to these colonies. Right and noble patriotism towards their race would lead them to be there in hundreds of thousands, to watch and control all measures hostile to its progress, claims and dignity. The political strength of Liberia will be the security of their rights and their position in the world.

From the Journal of Commerce.

AFRICA'S VEGETABLE OFFERINGS TO THE WORLD.

SEEDS AND PLANTS FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

UMTUALUME, NATAL, South Africa, April 14, 1857.

Some three years ago, you will remember, I sent to you a few seeds of the "*China Sugar Cane*," or "*Sorgho*," called by the Kafirs, "*Infe*." I have not seen your report of your trial at cultivating it, but I am pleased to see that it is becoming quite popular in the United States. I do not know whether I had the honor of first calling the public attention to it, but in your paper of December 9th 1856, in the notice of the Agricultural report of the Patent Office, you speak of it as having been introduced into the United States from Natal, South Africa. It will please those who cultivate it to know that here it has been granulated into beautiful sugar; but I am not able now to give the minutiae of the process. At the same time I sent the seeds to you, I forwarded a few to Prof. A. Hopkins, of Williams College, Mass., which he cultivated with gratifying results, and the juice of which he pronounced nearly as highly charged with saccharine matter as the regular sugar cane, but he was not able to granulate it. I have the second crop growing in my garden this year from one planting; numerous shoots having come out from the roots, after the cutting of the first crop. The cultivation of sugar is attaining great importance in this little colony. Last year the average yield was *two tons* of good sugar per acre, which sold at from £30 to £34 per ton, making about \$300 worth per acre.

I commenced this paper for the purpose of introducing to your notice another indigenous product of Natal. It is said to belong to the "*Apocynads*," and is called by the natives, *Itungulu*. It grows chiefly near the coast; is a thorny shrub or tree, reaching in favorable situations ten or twelve feet in height. It is at all points defended by numerous thorns, strong and sharp. Many of the thorns branch twice or thrice, always throwing out the branches opposite and at right angles. Wherever the bark is punctured, there issues an abundant milky juice, which soon concretes into a substance resembling India rubber. The leaf is rather thick, is oval, and deep green on the upper side, and considerably lighter on the under side. The flower is perfectly white, with five distinct petals, each petal being about three-fourths of an inch long, and not unlike a jasmine petal. The flower emits a faint but delicious fragrance. It is evergreen, and forms when cultivated a beautiful and impenetrable hedge, and is considerably used in this colony for that purpose. But its chief value is its delicious and abundant fruit, which is oblong, about two inches long and

from one inch to one and a half inches in diameter; and when perfectly ripe, is in the mouth a melting mass of delicious sweetness. It has not unaptly been compared to "strawberries and cream;" for while the pulp and the skin of the fruit is red, it is filled with a white, cream like juice. In the centre and embedded in the pulp, are a few small seeds, a few of which I send you. I hope you will plant them, or send them to some of your friends, who live in the "Sunny South," and will take good care to develop them, and export in due time. It takes some four to six years to bear fruit. Whether they will flourish far from the sea, I do not know. I have seen them growing fifteen miles inland, but their natural home seems to be along the sea shore.

I should say that the *itungulu* is eaten in large quantities with perfect impunity, and is excellent for preserves, jams, jellies, &c.

Sincerely yours,

H. A. WILDER, *American Missionary*.

P. S. There is one other Natal shrub which, because of its exceeding utility for hedging, I wish to bring to your notice. It is a species of *Solanum*. Its native name is *Umtuma*. When standing alone, it often reaches the height of 12 feet or so, but when sown in a hedge, rises to the height of 6 to 10. It throws out many branches which interlace, and the trunk, the branches and the leaves, are covered with strong prickles, or spines, which effectually repel even the smallest animals that undertake to penetrate it. It produces a large orange-shaped fruit, which contains each 400 or 500 seeds. But the greatest recommendation of it for hedging is the rapidity of its growth. In 8 or 10 months, or a year at most, from the planting of the seed, it forms a hedge which neither man nor beast can penetrate. (It never dies, so far as I know; there are hedges of it in this colony 25 years old). Its leaves fall in the winter, and hence it is not to be commended for its beauty. It endures moderate frosts, but how far North in your climate it would flourish in the United States, I do not know. I should say it would grow well in the Carolinas,—perhaps in Virginia.

H. A. W.

CULTIVATION OF THE IMFE IN GEORGIA.

Athens, Ga Sept. 17th, 1857.

Seeing Mr. Wilder's interesting letter from South Africa in the Journal of Commerce of the 10th inst., in which he says "an average yield of two tons per acre of good sugar was obtained there last year" from the imfe, reminds me that the cultivators of the new cane at the North may like to hear something on the subject, as to our progress and success at the South.

In a letter before me Col. Peters writes: The boilings you and Mr. Wray made [of syrup] has grained beautifully." This was juice of unripe cane that gave on Beaume's register only $5\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$; whereas, now, similar cane show 8° ; and Col. Peters expects it to go 10° by the same instrument, when his whole crop (110 acres) will be worked up as soon as practicable. He has 70 acres of the Chinese, and 40 of the African cane, and will thoroughly test the relative merits of both for making syrup and sugar.

You may have seen in the Augusta papers of the 9th inst., some notice of my success in making good sugar from the Chinese cane. Subsequent experience and information confirm me in the belief that the juice of this is nearly as rich in crystallisable sugar as that of the West India cane. It is, however, apparently more difficult to defecate and clarify the juice and syrup of the Chinese cane than that of the true sugar cane; but the art will

soon be learnt by all farmers who wish to make sugar from this new plant. I use four table spoonsfull of the cream of lime or three gallons of recently expressed juice, heating it nearly to the point of boiling, and allowing the scum to rise, which is all removed by a skimmer. To separate fine particles that pass through the skimmer I filter the hot juice through cotton bags, as is done in the manufacture of cane sugar. By faithful skimming and straining, sugar may be made; although there remains sometimes glucose, dextrine and caseine to retard the formation of crystals. Dr. Evans' Sugar Planter's Manual is good authority on the subject. Mr. Wray's Patent may be better.

Although I have a good crop of Chinese seed, and not one of the Imfe, I am inclined, from what I have seen of both of the plants to regard the latter the better one for the production of sugar. I have seen it at Gov. Hammond's growing from cuttings precisely like the cane grown in Florida, which it far more resembles than the sorghum saccharatum. Gov. H. regards the African plant as the true seed-bearing parent of the flowering but seedless cane generally cultivated in tropical climates for making sugar. To increase the saccharine element, it was long the practice at the East to cut off the heads before they reached maturity, which turned the reproductive energies of the plant to the development of buds on the stem at its joints, and at last rendered the seed bearing organs abortive. This theory may or may not be true; while the statements of Mr. Wilder, Mr. Wray and others, leave little room for doubt as to the value of the indigenous African plant under consideration. When we have fairly tested the relative advantages of the Imfe and Chinese cane I will write you again on the subject.

D. LEE.

EDUCATION IN LIBERIA.

The interesting thoughts contained in the following communication, on the important subject of Education, we commend to all those who have doubts as to the necessity of a College in Liberia:

It must be obvious to every one that the peculiarities of a country will always influence the character of its inhabitants, and of their institutions. A man must everywhere be prepared for what he has to do. Education and experience are the agencies for this end. Education has to anticipate experience, and prepare for it. The peculiarities of experience must be met and provided for in education. All useful training must suit the character of society, and of its aims or general policy, as determined by social constitution and by position in the world. To educate effectively for a country requires that the process be in it, and of it. Much may be got from abroad, but this can only form a commencement of that which is internal and appropriate. All which is borrowed must be put under a process of modification, to suit its new locality.

The commencement of social instruction in Liberia must be derived from this country. The first lessons given by its teachers are American, given in American modes. For a time no other proceedings are possible. But such proceedings ought not to continue long. The peculiarities of their position modify the aims and duties of the people. They have things to do which can never come in the way of a colored man in this country, and a state of external nature to deal with very different from ours. For all this, a man's proper training must be at home, in the midst of it. Having barbarism to subdue and soften, a tropic land to occupy and cultivate, the philosophy of nature there to investigate and expand; having, above all, our faith to illustrate and establish among the savage people with whom

he dwells, the process of his intellectual and moral culture must derive its fashion from these peculiarities of his position. Institutions, therefore, which are to be powerful must be local.

The Liberian has, in respect to education, to get rid of much which we ought to have got rid of, but still retain. Let him start fair, unincumbered by our incumbrances. How to do so is a problem we may help him to solve. The analysis of it may instruct us not a little. But having thus started him, it is his own experience mainly which must instruct him as to what he has to learn, and how he has to learn it. That needful experience must be found and exemplified in an institution or institutions capable of affording tuition in its highest grade or order. This is needed as a head and guide and nursery to all other institutions, that they also may suit their place and end. This is one of the wants of Liberia which we may hope to see effectively and early supplied.

As Harvard College, in Massachusetts, or Yale, in Connecticut, or Oxford, in England, are and have been formative institutions, moulding and educating the whole community, and proving alike an honor in themselves and source of honorable influence, so we trust there is yet to be an institution in Liberia, the germ of immense benefits.

A beginning has been made, but much remains to be done. A large building, with means for its erection, was shipped to Liberia in the fall of 1856, which will be a nucleus for future progress, and for the present adequate to accommodate the students and teachers.

This, however, leaves libraries, chemical and philosophical apparatus, mineral and geological cabinets, endowments of professorships and scholarships, and the *et ceteras* of an efficient institution to be provided. We trust that many of the pious, who pray that Ethiopia may soon stretch out her hands unto God, and believe an enlightened civilized Commonwealth like Liberia eminently adapted to co-operate in hastening that event, will remember this work, when devising the property of which they are stewards.

There is one legacy of \$50,000 for the aid of a good College in Liberia now in danger of being lost, unless others who sympathize in this work will lend their aid. Who will respond?—*New York Col. Jour.*

LETTER FROM REV. J. RAMBO.

BUCHANAN, BASSA CO. LIBERIA, MAY 1st, 1857.

REV. WM. McLAIN:

Dear Sir:—Your favor of February 17 came to hand yesterday. I have not many facts to present additional to what Rev. Mr. Seys stated about the St. John's Mountain. The reason I did not write you immediately after our visit (for I accompanied Mr. S) in November was, that I knew he would give full details; and so my letter was then unnecessary.

I may merely refer now to our visit in few words, (for I have not been there since). I consider that mountain, and others of the same chain, as by far the most interesting and healthy region in all this part of Liberia.

Or, in other words, I am of the opinion that every hilly or mountainous region in intertropical Africa is far more healthy than the low marshy coast, or even the inland valleys. If malaria is the chief cause of the deleterious influence of the climate of Africa (at least this part) upon new immigrants and foreigners, then I think by living in mountainous districts it may be at least partially escaped, and so the health of the residents must be better than those who live in the low country.

I must say the St. John's Mountain equalled my expectation, as to elevation, beauty, and fertility. I was delighted with it. I long to open our first native station on its summits, which, I judge, is from six hundred to seven hundred feet above the level of the sea. There are not, however, many natives within five miles of the top; still, being probably healthy, and most desirable in several respects, I choose it before any spot I have seen in all the Bassa country yet, as a starting point at least.

But viewed as a site for a colonial settlement, all things considered, I think it still more desirable than as a Mission station. The land is very fertile—loam on a clayey foundation. Abundance of the very best building timber is growing on the spot. Water is excellent, and not distant. When the rice crops are good abundance of rice can be bought all around, as can most other produce; though we found partial famine there, as we might anywhere this year.

A road cut directly from the falls of the St. Johns (nine miles from the mouth) to the mountain, I think, would reach it in ten miles, or twenty from Buchanan. So that two hours in a boat and three hours walking, *five* in all, would carry one to the summit of this beautiful mountain.

As thus far such good news reaches us about the little sickness among the new immigrants at Careysburgh, at Mt. Fawblee, will not your Society *early* favor Bassa county with a settlement, also on the top of the St. John's? I love your noble cause, and I shall be rejoiced to see new settlements greatly multiplied on those beautiful highlands if longer experience proves that they are more healthy than the settlements on the coast.

Yours, in the best of bonds,

J. RAMBO.

A NARRATIVE OF DR. LIVINGSTON'S DISCOVERIES IN SOUTH CENTRAL AFRICA, FROM 1849 to 1856.

Continued from page 46, vol. 9.

CHAPTER IV.

Fresh journey eastward—Remarkable extension of the Sitchuana language—Social influence of the women—Ludicrous exercise of their authority—Prevalence of idolatry—Immense herds of elephants, buffaloes, giraffes, antelopes, &c.—Timely supplies—Important barometrical observations—Salubrity of the district towards the east coast—Ruins of a Portuguese town.

Anxious to commence his new journey eastward, Dr. Livingston resolved not to remain at Linyanti longer than necessary, yet nearly two months elapsed before his preparations could be completed. But, whatever else might have been wanting, there was no lack of volunteers for the new expedition. The reports made by his companions to Loando, and the desire to find a passage to the coast, prompted not a few to offer their services. When, therefore, he was ready to set out, no less than 114 picked men were happy to entrust themselves to his guidance. This will appear the more remarkable, when we recollect that part of the proposed journey lay through a region from which the Makololo had not long before been expelled by their powerful foes the Matabele, whose territory, governed by Mozelekatse, stretched along to the south of the Zambese, upon the northern bank of which our friend proposed to travel. He and his attendants, however, had nothing to fear from the people through whose country they would pass during the early part of their journey. These were Makololo, the subject of Sekeletu, and the friends of the Missionary.

As it will enable our readers the better to realize Dr. Livingston's circumstances while prosecuting his journey eastward, we shall here briefly

notice a few of the characteristics of the people among whom he travelled. As previously explained, the Makololo are a mixed race. One portion of them, now reduced by the pestilential climate to a small remnant, migrated not many years since from the dry and more salubrious regions adjacent to the Lahari, or, as it is frequently termed, the Kalahari desert. They are composed of tribes of Bechuanas, and, providentially as we believe it will soon appear, they have introduced the Sitchuana—that language into which, chiefly by the persevering labors of Moffat, nearly the entire Scriptures are now printed. Although far inferior in numbers to the race in whose territory they found a refuge, and known to be a conquered and expatriated people, they have nevertheless gained for themselves both political and moral ascendancy, and are now the acknowledged aristocracy and rulers of the previous possessors of the soil. Hence the Sitchuana has become the classic tongue, the court language of the Makololo,—a circumstance which not only facilitated our traveller's intercourse with them, but which constitutes an important preparation for their reception of the Gospel. But, while these Bechuanas form a most influential section of the Makololo, the bulk of that nation consists of a fine, athletic, and skilful race of negroes. And during Dr. Livingston's descent along the Zambese, it was with a tribe of these negroes (the Balonde) that he chiefly came into contact. Though the country north of that river, he found them very numerous, but living in small communities; and, as the fly prevents pastoral pursuits, they devote themselves, apparently with great interest and even delight, to agriculture. As he passed their villages, the evidence of their industry constantly met his eye. Upon every hand he saw men, women, and children, assiduously working in their gardens, cultivating maize, Caffre corn, millet, beans, pumpkins, rice, &c. which, particularly upon the low grounds annually flooded by the Zambese, yield a large return for comparatively little labor.

On gaining a more intimate acquaintance with their social state, our traveller was specially struck with one prevailing peculiarity—the position and even power of the women. As a rule it has been found that heathenism deprives woman of her rightful status in society, and dooms her to drudgery and degradation. It is so with the Caffres and other natives of the south with whom our traveller was most familiar. He was not prepared, therefore, either by reading or observation, to find amongst a heathen and very superstitious people, the relative position of man and woman reversed; and so strange did this appear, that not until his observations upon the point had been confirmed by the Portuguese, did he feel assured of the fact. That the women should sit in the councils of the nation; that a young man, on entering the matrimonial state, should be compelled to remove from his own village to that of his wife; that in forming this relation, he should bind himself to provide her mother with firewood as long as the old lady lived; that the wife alone could divorce the husband, and that, in the event of their separation, the children became the property of their mother; and that the lord of creation should be unable to enter into the most ordinary contract, or to perform the simplest service for another, without the sanction of “the lady superior,”—were certainly indications of female supremacy—which it was passing strange to find (it is to be hoped for the first time and the last in the history of discoveries) amongst the denizens of Central Africa. But yet it must be allowed, that “the reciprocity was” not “only on one side;” for, in return for the husband's deference, his wives were expected to provide him with food. This, possibly, may account for the fact which our friend states, that the ladies never lack a husband, and that an old maid is not to be found from the

Cape to the Equator. Occasionally, however, there will come a hitch in their domestic arrangement; and while our traveller supplies no instance of rebellion upon the part of the husband, he shows that conspiracy was not so unusual amongst wives. If at any time the former is so unfortunate as to offend the ladies, they resolve to wound him in his most tender part—the stomach. Returning home, therefore, at the usual hour, he calls upon his first wife, and asks for a dinner, but she sends him to a second, “whom he loves better;” and she, again, to a third, until he has run the gauntlet through them all with the same result. Having nothing left but to avenge himself of the wrong, faint and hungry, he climbs a tree in some populous part of his village, and proclaims aloud with piteous intonations, “Listen, O listen; I thought I had married women, but they are only witches! I am a bachelor! I have not a single wife! Is that right for a gentleman like me?” But the ladies, not always satisfied with showing their displeasure in the negative form, will sometimes even dare to enforce their authority over their husbands with cuffs and blows. This, however, is carrying matters a little too far, and the public sentiment being against such conduct, the poor sufferer gets more substantial revenge; for the authorities of the village then interfere, and his tyrannical wife is sentenced for the assault to carry him upon her back from the Cotla, an inclosed court of the chief’s premises, to his own house, taunted, as she goes along, with the sneers and gibes of men on the one hand; but, alas! on the other, cheered by the sympathy and by such exhortations as “Serves him right,” “Give it to him again,” from members of her own gentle sex. “The first time,” Dr. Livingston says, “I ever saw it, was in the case of a great masculine creature, and a withered scraggy old man, and having been graceless enough to laugh, she could not help joining, to the great scandal of young Africa.”

Unlike all the other South African tribes known to Dr. Livingston, these negroes are devoted idolaters. As he passed along their principal roads, he saw pathways leading out of them to spots consecrated to spirit worship in the dark recesses of their forests. To these spots they frequently repair, and as they ascribe disease or calamity to the angry shades of their departed relatives, they make frequent offerings of food and other things with a view to propitiate them; but unseen beings are not the only objects of their idolatry. Dr. Livingston saw others, the work of their own hands, “a block of wood with a rough human head carved upon it, or a lion made of clay, and two shells for eyes, standing in a shed. Before these, the people, when unsuccessful, beat a drum all night. And they are otherwise,” he adds, “very superstitious. They would not eat with us, nor in our sight. They took meat from us and ate it at home. When I saw them and thought of the vast numbers there are in this land, all living without God and without hope, I often sat down with feelings of despair. When will they be supplied with the Gospel of Christ?”

But, whatever he might have seen in these children of nature to deplore or to condemn, their treatment of himself and his companions was uniformly kind. On approaching a village, a messenger generally met them with an invitation to enter and to select the tree under which they would prefer to rest. Having availed themselves of the proffered privilege, the people brought and arranged beneath the broad shadows of the tree as many of the roofs of their own dwellings as were sufficient to shelter their visitors from the mid-day sun and nightly dews. But this was not all. “My party,” writes Dr. Livingston, “were well fed all the way down until we came near Tete. And they always gave gracefully, often with an apology that want of time prevented them

making more food ready, and believed our statement of having nothing to offer in return."

But, greatly as the travellers were indebted to their friends, they were not dependent upon them. Much of the country through which they passed literally swarmed with large game; the troops of elephants especially far exceeded any thing of which Dr. Livingston had previously heard or conceived. To the natives these creatures proved a great pest, as not unfrequently they broke into their gardens, and, if disturbed while eating pumpkins, or other produce, they would follow the disturbers, demolish the dwelling into which they had fired, and not unfrequently kill them. Dr. Livingston's party had often to shout to the elephants in their path to get out of the way, and they shot great numbers of their young for food; but these formidable creatures were often dangerous, as, when alarmed, they would rush into the midst of the travellers. But, in addition to elephants, Dr. Livingston found this extended and well-watered region peopled everywhere with buffaloes, garaffes, zebras, antelopes, and pigs. Referring only to one species, the beautiful spring-bok, he writes: "I could form no idea of the number of these lovely animals I saw in actual migration. I can compare them to locusts alone; for, as far as the eye could reach, they appeared a tremulous mass, sometimes in sprinklings, and at other times in dense crowds, upon a plain six or seven miles long by three or four broad." At times when Dr. Livingston had gone out to obtain game for his party, and had laid himself down upon some grassy bank, watching, rifle in hand, the wild creatures thickly scattered over their native pastures, their exquisite forms, their graceful motions, their unsuspicious confidence, the free and apparently joyous life they led as they browsed or gambolled upon the rich banks of the bright river, whose course he was tracking to the sea, the beauty of the spectacle has so entranced him as to deprive him of the power of firing a single shot, and, rather than introduce disorder and death into a scene so fair, and so replete with evidence of the great Creator's bounteousness, he has returned empty-handed to his people. But the daily wants of his numerous companions would not allow the hungry wanderer to yield very frequently to such amiable sentimentalism or compunctious visitings. A dinner must be found,—though, to provide it, the gentle and stately giraffe, the fleet Zebra, the graceful antelope, or the ponderous hippopotamus must fall. And here, perhaps, we may observe, the most dainty meat of the Makalolo, the roast beef of Old Africa, is the flesh of the Zebra; while the giraffe supplies him with his veal, the hippopotamus with pork, and the numerous antelopes with venison. These delicacies were rarely wanting to our travellers through their long journey, while the river banks formed a perfect battue of winged game. Geese, ducks, and smaller birds in myriads swarmed along their line of march. When at a single shot no fewer than eighteen ducks could be brought down, more need not be said to show that Central-South Africa is any thing but a barren desert. Nor was fish much less plentiful than flesh and fowl. Whatever other privations, therefore, our traveller sustained, his commissariat was not open to much complaint, and we do not wonder to hear him say, "I found it unnecessary to burden myself with provisions in travelling, for the animals did not seem to know a gun, and would stand within bowshot of my weapon." And to this productiveness of the soil and the abundance of the game, he was largely indebted for the success of his enterprise.

As soon as Dr. Livingston had completed his preparations for leaving his party at Linyanti, mounted upon an ox, he set out towards the east, relying upon the same kind Providence which had hitherto prospered his

way, and full of hope that his design would be accomplished. The description already given of the people through whose villages he passed, and of the reception they gave him, will enable the reader to realize, to some extent, his daily experience during much of his journey. For a considerable time he kept in sight of the Zambese, and tracked its windings; but there was no point of importance along its course at which he did not carefully take astronomical observations. So constant, indeed, was the use he made of the sextant and artificial horizon, that the rumor preceded him, that "a white man was coming, who brought down the sun and moon and carried them under his arm!" And the highest authority upon such a point, the Astronomer-Royal at Cape Town, has affirmed, that "beyond the Cape district of that colony, there is no river laid down with the accuracy with which the Zambese has been laid down in the centre of Africa by his observation."

It would be neither interesting nor useful, in a brief sketch like the present, to crowd our pages with the strange names and with the latitudes and longitudes of the numerous positions determined by Dr. Livingston in this journey. Passing over, therefore, those that were intermediate between Secheke and Mosiotunya Falls, we would direct attention to the latter as the most striking object which he met with in Africa. They occur in the most southerly part of the Zambese, in about $17^{\circ} 57'$ S. lat., $26^{\circ} 6'$ E. long. Although previously unvisited by any European, Dr. Livingston had often heard of these "smoke-resounding falls," which, with points of striking difference from Niagara, are, if possible, more remarkable and not less sublime than that noble cataract. He was, therefore, anxious to inspect them, and on the 20th of November, he reached Kalai, a place eight miles west of the Falls. On arriving at the latter, he found that this natural phenomenon was caused by the sudden contraction, or rather compression of the river, here about 1000 yards broad, which urges its ponderous mass through a narrow rent in the basaltic rock of not more than twenty-five yards, and down a deep cleft, but a little wider, into a basin or trough about thirty yards in diameter, lying at a depth of about thirty-five yards. Into this narrow receptacle the vast river precipitates itself. When Dr. Livingston visited the spot, the Zambese flowed through its narrowest channel, and its waters were at their lowest. The effect however, of its sudden contraction and fall was in the highest degree sublime, and from the point at which he surveyed it, appalling. For not satisfied with a distant view of the opening through its rocky barrier, and of the columns of vapor rushing up for 300 to 400 feet, forming a spreading cloud, and then falling in perpetual rain—he engaged a native, with nerves as strong as his own, and expert in the management of the canoe, to paddle him down the river, here heaving, eddying, and fretting, as if reluctant to approach the gorge, and hurl itself down the precipice, to an islet immediately above the fall, and from one point of which he could look over its edge into the foaming cauldron below, mark the mad whirl of its waters, and stand in the very focus of its vapor of columns and its deafening roar. But unique and magnificent as was the cataract when Dr. Livingston beheld it, the reports of others, and the inference drawn by himself, satisfied him that the spectacle was tame compared with what occurs during the rainy season, when the river flows between banks many miles apart, and still forces its augmented waters through the same fissure into the same trough. At these times the columns of spray may be seen and the sound heard ten or twelve miles distant. After entering this chasm, the river changes its course, foams and raves along through a narrow channel amongst tree-covered hills, and then, emerging from its confines, it spreads out again, a broad, placid stream, and flows onward to the N.N.E., until it reaches latitude $15^{\circ} 37'$ S.

REPORTS OF THE TRAVELLING AGENTS.

DR. JAMES HALL, *Dear Sir*:—I send you herewith an account of the contributions made to the funds of the Maryland State Colonization Society during the month of September, with the names of the respective donors:

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Total for September, \$172 52

All of which is respectfully submitted.

BALTIMORE, September 30th, 1857.

P. D. LIPSCOMB, *Travelling Agent*.

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BALTIMORE COUNTY.

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Respectfully submitted,

BALTIMORE, September 30th, 1857.

J. W. CULLUM, *Travelling Agent*.

